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-- Ronald Prost

Chicago IL

BLINKS A LITTLE SPOT OF SENSELESS YELLOW  
IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL

You can't tell the time of poetry by ringing the kukoo;  
you can't tell me Marciano couldn't have taken Louis;  
you can't tell me that Hitler was a madman; you can't  
tell me that the dog barks only at the night; you can't  
tell me that the flame doesn't go to the moth;  
you can't tell me that all those people crowded on the  
corner of Hollywood and Western and blinking their eyes  
are human; you can't tell me that love is more important  
than life; and you can't stretch on the same mattress  
with me and say, I love you, because

we're out of cigarettes and we're out of wine and my  
battery is low and my bones have come back from New  
Directions and Lorca is dead and Neruda is dead and  
Christ with hazel eyes hollered out: "where's it at?"  
while gaffed like a fish by little men with dirty  
fingernails; we're out of wine and lick and love and luck;  
you can't tell me anything. Why don't you get up and tap  
that toilet handle a few times? It keeps running like  
that.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA